RAGLANDS NIOBE: OR, ELIZAS ELEGIE:

Addreſſed to the unexpiring memory of the moſt noble Lady, ELIZABETH HERBERT, *wife to the truly honourable,* EDWARD SOMERSET Lord HERBERT, &c.

By RI. BRATHWAIT, *Eſq.*

—*Surrepta, refulſit in orbe Clarior*——

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A. b. 432.

BODLEIANA
BIBLIOTHECA

TO THE HONORABLE, EDWARD SOMERSET, Lord HERBERT, *my most noble* and accompliſh'd Lord;

Treaſures of Comforts, after theſe Tributes of teares.

PEruſe your owne, my Lord, *and be content;*
Cõcluding hence, on earth nought permanent:
But if in this inferiour Globe *of ours*
Ought conſtant be, it is my Zeale to yours.

NIOBÆUS.

ELISABETH HERBERT.

Anag. Heere a bleſt birth.

HEare, *heere bleſt birth*, with thy diuineſt eares
Thy true-deuoted Seruants funeral teares;
That 't may appeare; our Muſe hath done thee right
In throbbing to this Age thy laſt good night.

RAGLANDS NIOBE: Or, ELIZA'S Elegie.

STil ſilent Night unveile thy ſable eies,
And eye ỳ loſſe of this unequall'd prize
Our Family bemones: reſolve to teares,
And ſympathize with ev'ry one that beares
A ſhare in theſe ſad rites. When Starres doe fall,
Thou mak'ſt that Aſtrolabe thy Funerall:
Streight thou immasks thy face, contracts thy blood,
And ſhrowds thy virgin beauty in a cloud.
Heare me, *Latona*! o f all ſtarres that were
Or ever ſhone in this inferiour Spheere,

The truly pureſt and refinedſt One
Is from our Orbe, to gaine more glory, gone.
Why ſhould not we then imitatours bee
Of that compaſſion we conceive in thee?
Admit theſe *Halcyon* daies give Her encreaſe
Of honour, glory, beauty, plenty, peace,
With that bleſt confluence of heav'nly ſtore,
Which crownes pure ſoules when they arrive a ſhore.
Wee that are Mortals ever have more ſenſe
Of our owne want, than others affluence.
Tell me thou State-ſurrounded STRAND, canſt finde
Through all thy *Proſpects* a ſelecter minde
Cloath'd in a choicer dreſſe! Pray, looke about,
Thou canſt not chuſe but ſee ſome face peepe out
T'attract

T'attract the forc'd Spectator; but that skin
Is it ſo ſleeke as't ha's no ſtaines within?
Is it a native tincture? do'es it wooe
The gazer without art? or if it doe,
Is it accompliſh'd with ſome better part
To polliſh nature with diviner art?
Ha's it adorning graces to make good
The ſplendor of her beauty or her blood?
Can it converſe with *faſhion*, and appeare
Diſcreet in her election what to weare?
Can it ſend out her eies, and not be taue,
Or to take Others make it not her aime?
Can it diſcourſe without affected ſtate,
Or hearken *Lightneſſe* with a bluſhing hate?

Can

Can it diſtinguiſh times and perſons too?
Reſerve a ſtate without a ſeeming ſhow?
Can it purſue the Object it affects
With more divine than ſenſuall reſpects?
Can it eſteeme of beauty as it is?
Imparadize her thoughts in future bliſſe?
Canſt finde me this rare *Phœnix?* I much doubt,
Thou looſeſt time in ſeeking of her out.
Two *Phœnixes* at once were never ſeene,
It is enough, that ſuch an One hath beene.
Thou haſt indeed, a choice varietye
Of mortall beauties to ſurprize the eye
Of a *Zenocrates*; but ſo divine
Would not ſuite well with faſhions of the time.

Com-

ELIZA'S *Elegie*.

Complete and complemental are two things,
Which different conſtructions ever brings:
For what's an outward dreſſe, or ſeeming faire,
A vading breath reſolving into aire?
What's permanent is good, nor can it be
So ſtyl'd, that's ſhort of this eternitie.
But thou hadſt One in that *Elyſian* grove!
A precious Sprigge of vertue, beauty, love;
Yea, ſuch a Seat, as no diviner grace
But in her Saintly boſome had a place.
One richly ſtor'd with all the gifts of nature,
Of gracefull preſence and attractive feature;
And what was richer farre than all the reſt,
An heav'nly fancy in an holy breſt.

For

For ſhew me One within this Orbe of ours,
That was ſo young in yeares and old in houres.
So ſweetly humble and compaſſionate,
So well compos'd ith' poſture of her ſtate;
So loyall in her love, ſo firme to thoſe
Who in her *Honour* did their hopes repoſe.
And now, me thinkes, in this high overflow
Of boundleſſe ſorrow, I am fixt on you,
You ſad *Attendants*, whom ſhe us'd to cheere
With pleaſing language, while ſhee breathed heere.
The loſſe you feele is poiz'd above compare,
Yet, as I live, I love to beare a ſhare
In ſuch depreſſive burdens: for theſe bee,
As I am yours, reflecting upon mee.

ELIZA'S *Elegie*.

Let's then a mutuall ſorrow entertaine,
And moiſten this dry earth that wanteth raine,
With our diſtreaming teares: for Heav'ns have kept,
Thus long their Conduits ſhut, and have not wept;
That with profuſer treaſures they might ſtore
Our native Mother, and wet eies deplore
This ſad Occaſion: Sad, indeed, to us
Who eye the Count'nance of that heavie houſe,
Where ev'ry Habit, Object as we paſſe,
Proclaime thus much, time is not as it was.
While ev'ry ſilent accent ſeemes to breath
The laſt farewell of our *Elizabeth*.
Divine Elyſian Lady! O that eies
Made *Niobe's*, could reſcue ſuch a prize!

There

There is no mortall could ſo highly erre
As did our laſt yeares weake Aſtronomer,
Who found no Eclypſe in our Zodiake heere,
Nor any darkneſſe in this Hemiſpheere.
I have found One, (I'm ſure) and more than I,
With a great inundation in each eye;
So as, that part which we call Chriſtalline
Is now diſſolved to a Sea of brine.

Teares be thoſe Treaſures which wee mortals uſe
To pay to ſuch we lov'd: nor can wee chuſe
To doe leſſe to this Shrine, the ſcattred duſt
Of that *diviner part*, which 'mongſt the juſt
Holds her eternall Annall: tell me where
I may my Object take without a teare.

No

No where, O no where! though all humane ſtate
Be by injunction ſubject unto fate,
Which ſolely makes diſtinction 'twixt the good,
And thoſe who with foule actions ſtaine pure blood:
For theſe make State a Subterfuge to guilt,
T'triumphing in thoſe conduits they have ſpilt
Through their profuſer bounty: whereas thoſe
Who are to none but vice profeſſed foes,
Live in their diſſolution, and receive
A laſting odour from a dying grave.
Yet when ſuch glorious Lights their ſplendor looſe,
Not to themſelves but to our earthly houſe,
As thoſe faire ſtructures have their glory loſt,
Which by their breathing beauty ſhined moſt,

Who

Who can diſpenſe with griefe, ſurceaſe to mone,
Unleſſe hee bee a Stoicke or a ſtone?
I muſt confeſſe, the *Thracians* did expreſſe
An Embleme of our humane wretchedneſſe;
Who in a various ſtraine of mone and mirth,
Wept whē men came, joy'd when they went frō earth.
Which temper, ſure, in earthly walls inclos'd,
Seemes in my judgement pretiouſly compos'd,
And ſuch as wee ſhould imitate: yet when
Like men, we thinke how we convers'd with them
Who now are cloſed from our longing eyes,
How much we their ſociety did prize,
What choice delight we tooke in their reſort,
How much their fame improved our report,

How

ELIZA'S *Elegie.*

How ſhort quicke-vading minutes dropt away,
How th' cloſing Ev'ning crown'd the cheerefull day,
What ſweet Communion of Comforts too
Which friend on friend did mutually beſtow,
With what a rare Confection of reliefe
In the communicating of their griefe,
One drained from another; and *that one*
Divorc'd now from his ſight, diſlodg'd and gone;
Hee farre tranſcends the mould of humane ſtate,
Who ſcornes in this to be effeminate.
Deaths *Lachryme*, indeed, is ſuch a ſong,
So ſhort's the Scene of griefe, it laſts not long:
Yet where impreſſive vertues did appeare,
They have an *Anniverſall* ev'ry yeare.

And such were thine, *blest Saint*, whose light shall give
Direction unto others how to live.
I'st irreligious then to shed a teare
For one, where such choice vertues lodged were?
A Gardiner would discontented seeme
If that prime flower he held in most esteeme,
Should be mel-dew'd or cropt before the time;
Can we doe lesse for her, who in her prime
Was cropt by th' hand of D eh? much wonder I
At popular amazement, who descry
A strange distraction in perplexed eyes,
When they contemplate vulgar rarities:
And such as from meere nat'rall causes spring,
As when they see the Sun-beames wrastling

With

With interpoſed ſhades: this eclyps'd light
Darts an aſtoniſhment unto their ſight.
Good God (thus will they ſay) that which did ſhow
Such beauteous rayes, how is it darkned now?
Where is that beaming glory which reviv'd
Th' inferiour Orbe? how is it now depriv'd
Of his late full-ſpread vigour? how 'tis ſpent
Which gave to all things life and nouriſhment?
Draw nearer wondring Mortals, and ſee heere
A glorious Light reft from our Hemiſpheere!
One, upon whoſe cleare brow no Cloud e're ſat,
Nor e're ey'd Object that ſhe aimed at
But what ſhe might affect: nor perſonate
An unbeſeeming introduced ſtate:

Nor

Nor gloze in painted goodneſſe: nor expreſſe
More than her Soule did inwardly profeſſe:
Nor feed her fancy with conceipts of time,
But clos'd her Lifes Act with a Scene divine.
And this ſame taking beauty now is gone,
Reft from our ſight! which while we thinke upon,
'Tis not ſufficient to bemoane her death,
But to obſerve how ſweetly vertues breath
In her expired Corpſe; and that her Fate,
Bleſt Fate! h'as left what wee're to imitate.
" Death from oblivion will exempt no *blood*,
" Unleſſe that Highneſſe be recorded *good*.
For Monumentall ſtructures may be ſaid
Erected more for th' living than the dead.

These have their date and period, and must turne
To dust, like mouldred ashes in an Urne.
Where vertue scornes such confines, being knowne
To leane on no supportance, but her owne.
Nor doe I muse why thou should'st vertuous be,
Being deriv'd from such a Familie,
Whose Actions streame in goodnesse; they who gave
First life to thee, no lesse Memorialls have
In Times deserving Annals: DORMERS name
Retein's ith' accent a sufficient fame
To second our assertion: and to show
Thy Mothers house was corresponding too
In lineall acts of goodnesse, and what might
Give to a noble line a living light,

I'le onely name Him, whome ne're age could tax,
The all-approved-loved MVLLINAX.
Deare to his owne, to ſtrangers debonaire,
Deare to the Muſes, who Joves darlings are,
Firme where hee doth profeſſe, entire to ſuch
Who know, but make no boaſt of knowing much:
And to ſumme all in one, ſuch a right Lord
Hee ſcornes nought more then fleighting of his word.
Deriv'd from theſe; *that* runs through all thy vaines,
Which by deſcent peculiar title claimes
In thine now after thee: to whom I meane
In this expiring Ode t'addreſſe my Scene.
Bleſt Babes! Sweet Graces! for you are but three;
And may you bee, as your Houſe ſhowes to mee,

Still *gracious*; my ſute ſhall be but one,
That you may repreſent Her that is gone
In your ſurviving vertues. Firſt, to you
Right Noble Sir, let 't be your taske to ſhew
His name, and nature * whence you tooke your name,
Beleeve your Servant, 'twil improve your fame,
And make you live, belov'd; I doe not care
For guilded honour, 'tis a vading ayre
That's ſoone diſperſt; a painted Trophie torne
From tainted Heraldry, diſplai'd in ſcorne.
" Goodnes cloathes greatnes with a gracefull dreſſe,
"And ſhines moſt glorious when it ſhews nought leſſe.
So pleaſing's humble Honour to each eye
It wins affection in the Stander by;

* *From* HENRY *now Earle of* WORSTER, *his Grandfather.*

Let but your Infant Honour thinke of this,
Summer ſhall *riſe* in love and *ſet* in bliſſe.
Now, to you *Noble Ladies*, who may ſee
Store of examples to endoctrine yee,
Some to deprave; but in your tender breſt
Such num'rous ſeeds of native goodneſſe reſt,
Which freely ripened as they are begun,
May in due time to their perfection come.
With an exacter Patterne none can ſtore you,
Then Her example who is gone before you:
Let her *Life* be the *Line* to regulate
Your actions by; the poſture of her ſtate
Your conſtant'ſt Modell; her ſweet moderation,
In her diſcourſe, employment, recreation,

Your

Your cleareſt mirror: for yee cannot erre
In any theſe by imitating her.
Confirme your Mothers Anagram on Earth,
With this Emphatick Mott: HEERE A BLEST BIRTH.
Theſe Obſervations, I may ſafely vow,
Will multiply more honours upon you,
More reall honours, than theſe who incline
To the phantaſtick faſhions of our time:
For theſe are but admired for one day,
And ſtraight their melting varniſh drops away:
Whereas your grounded Colours dyde in graine
Shall repreſent a State admits no ſtaine.
Reteining theſe, *Sweet Ladies*, you'l become
Exemplar Paragons in *Albion*.
NOVV I approach, my deare ſad *Lord* to you,
Who having taken your late laſt adue

Of your unequall'd Spouſe, are full of griefe,
To which divineſt comforts breath reliefe.
Excuſe me, *Honour'd Lord*, that you are plac't
In this ſad Scene of ſerious Sorrow, laſt;
'Twas my deſire, that you ſhould firſt digeſt
Theſe grounded griefes wherewith you are depreſt
Before revivall of them; 'las you know
I owe as much to you as I doe owe
To the whole world (without private aime
To me or mine) Save to my ſoveraigne.
Yea, ſhould you flow in teares, as you doe flow,
You ſhould not finde your poore MVSÆVS ſlow
In the like tribute: bee it only yours
To yeeld your will unto th'Superiour powers.

Shee's

ELIZA'S *Elegie*.

Shee's reft from you ('tis true) but ſhee is given
By your diviſion to be ſpous'd in heav'n.
Nor had ſhe left her Mate, her choice-deare Love,
But onely for His love ſhee had above:
In whoſe tranſlation there appeared heere
A civill Combat 'twixt two Months i'th yeere,
So as, none could definitively ſay
Shee dide the firſt of *June* or laſt of *May*.
Both wraſtled like two Champions for the wall,
Which might give convoy to her Nuptiall.
A ſolemne ſacred Nuptiall! Where Heav'ns King
Becomes the Bridegroome: and where Angels ſing
Their Epithalamies; and Saintly Quires
With choiceſt ayres accompliſh their deſires.

Cloz:

"Cloze then with your deare servant; Heav'ns (appeas'd,
You from your teares, she from her griefes releas'd;
Which done, your late ELIZA's *Elegie*
Willwipe all teares from RAGLANDS *Niobe.*

Niobem *mutamur in ipsam.*

Epitaph.

PUre Shrine! to ẅ that treaſure is confin'd,
Till it be re-united to her mind,
Where ev'ry graine roſe to ſo high a rate,
It paſt th'*inferiour Orbe* to eſtimate.
Nor had we loſt the richeſſe of this Mine,
Had it not been too precious for the time.
Nor by injoyment of it ſo long bleſt,
But for *His Sake* by whom it was poſſeſt.
Who, as his vertues ſtyle him man of men,
Onely deſerv'd to weare ſo rich a gem:
Forwhoſe content Heav'ns might have pleas'd to ſpare
And crown'd the joyes of ſuch a peereleſſe Paire.
But Stars ſhine cleareſt in their proper Spheere,
So ſhee more glorious than ſhee ſhowed here.
ȣ were Earth numerous in ſuch a birth,
It might be juſtly ſtiled Heav'n on Earth!

Obiit Iun. 2. Anno Dom. 1635.

GENTIS HONOR, VIRTVTIS AMOR, SPECTABILIS (VXOR,
CONDITA SVNT TVMVLO, NON MORITVRA, TVO.

Finis.

LEt not distaste my Lord, that I have heere
Annex'd th' Elegiack raptures of my Deare:
'Tis said that *Polo* the Tragedian.
When hee on Stage to force some passion came,
Had his Sonnes ashes in an Urne enshrin'd
To worke more deepe impressions in his mind.
The Emblem's good: this Fun'rall pile of ours
Strucke passion in each line address'd to yours.

Madam